Rocky — A Face in Stone

At the edge of the grass, a stone waits. Faces move across him with the light.

Solemn Rocky

Heavy-browed, he carries centuries in silence.

Smiling Rocky

Light curves into a grin, as if he knows something I don’t.

Just-There Rocky

Neither joy nor sorrow — only presence.

Poor Rocky

The day looks heavy on him, but still he endures.

Happy Rocky

Grass bright, shadows soft — Rocky radiant.

Different-Today Rocky

Turned another way, his face shifts again.

Close-Up Rocky

The eye, the cheek — unmistakable features.

Another Angle Rocky

Each step reveals someone new.

He does not move, yet he is never still.
Rocky, companion of the field.